

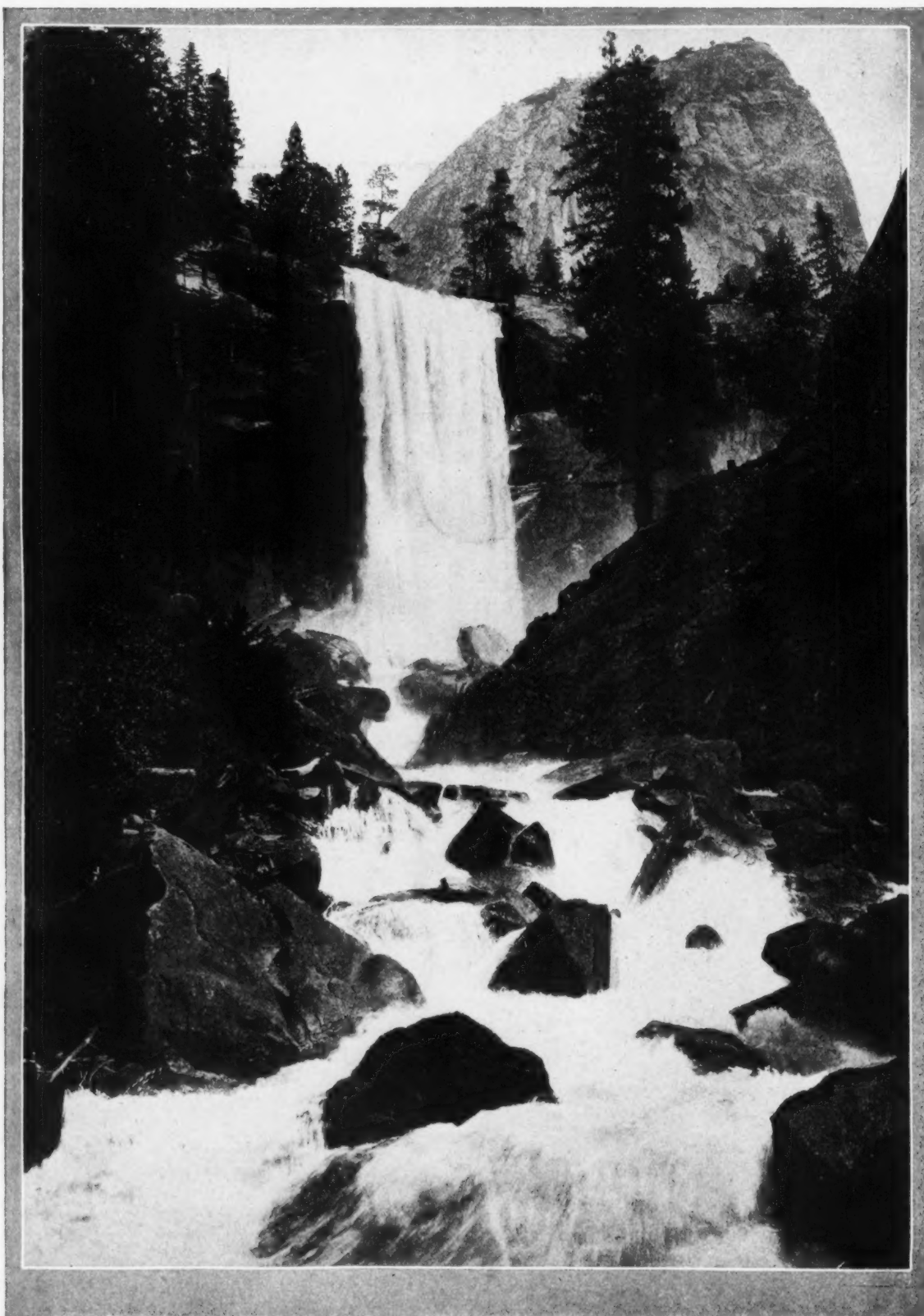
# JUNIOR RED CROSS

February, 1921 **NEWS** *American Number*



A thrilling encounter between a photographer and an eagle at timber line in the Rocky Mountains

WISWALL BROS. PHOTO



*Vernal Falls, with a drop of 350 feet, is typical of the beauty of that natural fairyland, Yosemite National Park, California*

GEO. FISKE PHOTO



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD PHOTO

*Jungle people, the Igorots of the Philippine Islands, have created a marvel of marvels in engineering in their mountain rice terraces which rise to a height of 3,000 feet near Banaue*

## UNCLE SAM'S OUTPOSTS

TO many people the word "Igorot" suggests a savage tribe whose sole business and pleasure is to collect the heads of enemies and decorate the village walls therewith. To compare them with the ancient Egyptians seems absurd. Yet there are but few marvels of the Egyptians which surpass the wonderful Ifugao rice terraces constructed by Igorots near Banaue, Philippine Islands. These terraces rise up the sides of a steep mountain canon to a height of three thousand feet. They are divided by more than twelve thousand miles of eight-foot stone walls and irrigated by water brought in troughs across many miles of rough mountains. Much has been said about the pyramids, the Sphinx, and other Egyptian wonders, but even from the standpoint of mechanical construction they are not superior to this stupendous work of the Igorots, an industrial feat unparalleled in the world's history by any primitive people and one, moreover, which gave food to thousands.

Also on these islands is the oldest university under

By Oliver Travis Rae

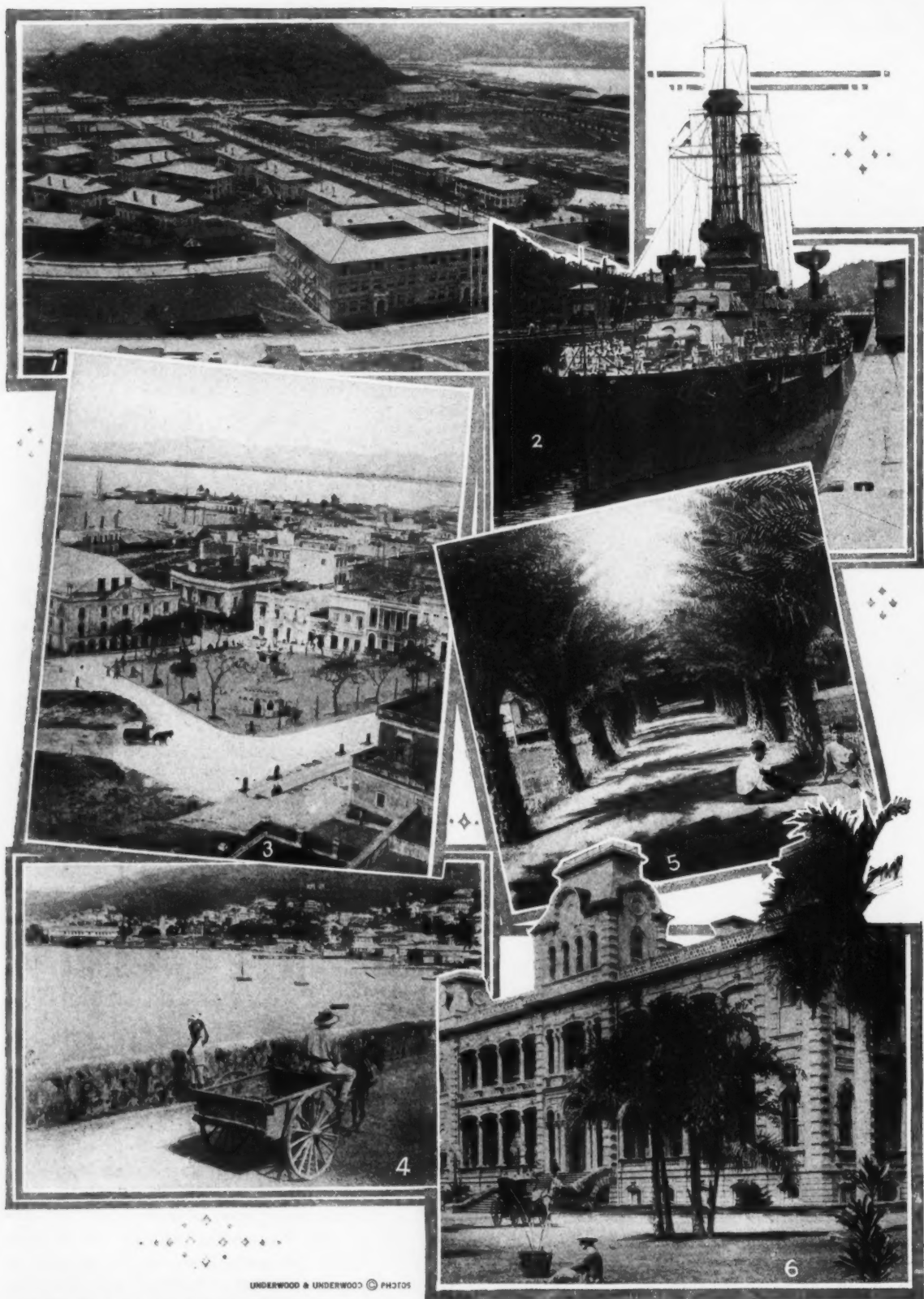
the American flag, antedating Harvard by a quarter-century; it was established by the Spaniards nearly four hundred years ago. Universal free education has been instituted and is efficiently carried out, with the result that illiteracy is rapidly decreasing.

As the Filipino people are more generally educated they develop a better citizenship among old and young. In 1920, the Junior Red Cross membership of 227,000 was increased by 46,000, and a large sum of money was collected for relief work. But best of all were the school gardens. Sixty thousand gardens were planted. The children were taught gardening at school and passed along this knowledge to their parents with the result that interest in food production was greatly increased throughout the Islands.

Public spirit and patriotism are living, glowing things to the Filipino; they color his every day life like the gorgeous tropical flowers of his Islands of the sea.

Then, coming to the Hawaiian Islands, what a drowsy charm there is in the name "Hawaii"—it





(1) Modern concrete buildings, Balboa, Pacific entrance to the Panama Canal, where once were only salt water swamps. Building in the foreground is a school. (2) Powerful electric cars tow ships through the canal locks. (3) Columbus Square, San Juan, Porto Rico. (4) Charlotte Amalie, largest city of the Virgin Islands. (5) Avenue of date palms, Hawaii. (6) Executive Building, the seat of Government, Honolulu, Hawaii

suggests hot white beaches, warm trade-winds and an idle, dreaming life. Indeed these Islands have been called "the playground of the world" and the tourist-world is apt to forget that the people of this romantic place are wide-awake citizens who are developing commerce, increasing their exports and establishing school systems. Twenty-five years ago this Island's only communication with the world was a steamer running at three-week intervals; now it has railways, electricity, telephones, telegraph, cables, and wireless, while several lines of steamers carry its commerce to every part of the globe. Here too the children are lined up with the Junior Red Cross and are serving humanity by relief work in the Islands and in Europe.

From the calm of the Pacific Ocean it is an easy journey to that little slice of America called the Canal Zone, which reports a 100 per cent Junior Red Cross membership in its schools and a widespread interest in all forms of Junior activities.

Now comes the turbulent Atlantic and Porto Rico. Porto Rico has miles of railways, world-wide shipping connections, two million acres of cultivated land and commerce amounting to millions of dollars. Small wonder that in such a hustling place the Porto Rican Juniors fairly bristle with activity and use everything that comes to hand. In one Junior campaign a bag of charcoal was all one boy could contribute, but this was put to good use, because in Porto Rico they burn charcoal in a bucket. The washerwomen set their tubs on the fire-buckets and have hot water as long as they need it. So the boy's bag was easily sold by these enterprising youngsters who ran errands, picked coffee, gave entertainments, and made things to sell, with the result that the membership of 107,937 turned in the sum of \$22,186.01 in one Roll Call.

This army of dollars was divided and sent to various places needing aid. A battalion of six thousand dollars (doubtless the Engineering Division) erected a schoolroom for forty pupils and constructed a playground at a sanatorium. Some of these soldier-dollars formed another "A.E.F." and crossed the seas for foreign relief. Others joined a sort of Home Defense Guard to help the Child Welfare Organization and individual cases. Another company allied itself with the Parent-Teacher Association and, like a Quartermaster Corps, distributed shoes, clothing, and free lunches to enable the poor to attend school. A Medical Corps of them supplied medicine chests

for rural schools, and supported health campaigns.

In addition to the work done by their dollar-army, the Porto Rican Juniors have offered a scholarship in the normal department of the University of Porto Rico for two years beginning September, 1920, for the best work done by a girl graduate from the Porto Rico High School. They sent their new executive secretary to New York for a summer course in the school of welfare workers.

They had an art exhibit in the city of San Juan during Christmas week. After completing the circuit of the public schools of Porto Rico the pictures will be shown in the Virgin Islands. This exhibit was chosen with special reference to subjects that would interest children, and artists of many periods and countries are represented. There are two hundred prints

in all, representing the best work done here and abroad by such modern artists as Jules Guérin, Maxfield Parrish, Abbey, Sargent, and

Jessie Wilcox Smith, as well as reproductions of Angelico Botticelli and Raphael.

Almost every phase of Junior Red Cross activities is being successfully undertaken by the Porto Rican Juniors. Interest in the work is almost universal and is increasing day by day.

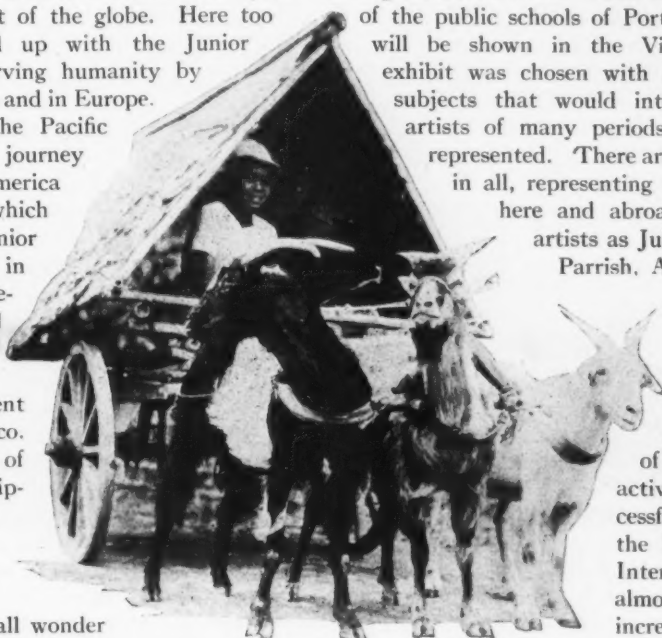
Speaking of the Virgin Islands, the Juniors are helping to start three

libraries there. They have also possessed the unique distinction of a newspaper owned, written, edited, and published by Dorothy Smith, an active Junior. The paper was called "Le Papier de Croix Rouge" and its proceeds were devoted to Red Cross work. Boxes of gifts, soap, books, and toys, have been exchanged between the Juniors of the Islands and American school children. The Juniors of America have also sent things to the leper children there. And approximately 2,000 school children of the Islands have enrolled in the Junior Red Cross and are upholding its ideals of citizenship in this newest of Uncle Sam's outposts.

Respectfully salute Uncle Sam's Outposts! They are gallantly doing their part to make the world safe for children.

\* \* \*

Real cheer was given an inmate of a seamen's home in Boston by a Junior Red Cross boy recently, when he wrote of "a daring holdup." It developed that "two clothespins held up a shirt on the Mayor's back piazza."



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD PHOTO

*Young Ben Hur in the Philippines*

# WHERE THE NATION'S HEART BEATS



U. S. AIR SERVICE © PHOTO FROM U. S. A.

*As if a perfect model of the United States Capitol had been set before you, this aeroplane photograph shows every detail of the historic white-marble structure from the west side. The Senate occupies the extension at the left and the House of Representatives, the extension at the right. In the center the Supreme Court sits. The original corner-stone of the central part of the Capitol was laid by President Washington September 18, 1793. The beautiful Congressional Library is in the distance*

FROM her pedestal atop the great steel dome of the National Capitol, the huge bronze figure of Freedom gazes steadily into the East from whence comes each new day. Serenely and confidently she awaits the tomorrow. Beauty and calm dignity surround her. Vast parks and towering trees, sweeping avenues and marble buildings are on every hand. Below her, the great gray capitol of the United States of America, one of the noblest structures in all the world, pays the tribute of its architectural beauty and simple grandeur to the government whose strength it typifies.

Throngs of people have flocked to the capitol in the past with all sorts of demands, and thousands have journeyed there to suggest remedies for evils, real and fancied. It is a government of the people. Political clouds have lowered over the many-pillared structure, and storms have threatened, but in every extremity the citizens have found a way to meet the emergency.

So long as the people of the United States believe in and love their country; and stand ready to serve it, just so long will it endure and no longer. Criticism is frequently heard of the president, the congress and

the courts. The tenure of office of the president, who is elected by the people, is limited; congress enacts laws demanded by the majority of the people and these laws are enforced by the courts. In other words, the government cannot be greater than the citizens of the Republic. It calls upon them to render to it their very best thought and unselfish service.

Service is the coin in which the boys and girls of the Junior Red Cross should pay for all the privileges they enjoy as young citizens and it will be only through service that they will prove themselves worthy and patriotic when they grow to be men and women.

Service was the great gift of George Washington to his country. Congress in its gratitude was willing to make the beautiful capitol of the Nation the tomb of the first president of the Republic, and a crypt was built deep down in the basement. However, appeals from members of Washington's family that his body be permitted to rest forever at his beloved Mount Vernon, caused congress to change its plan, yet today that empty vault in the very center of the great capitol echoes the heart-beats of the Nation, whose people serve themselves by serving their Republic.



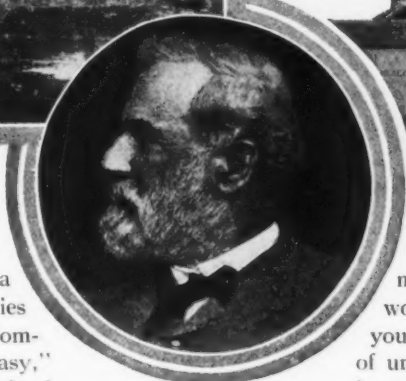
# WASHINGTON, LINCOLN, AND LEE



*Washington, born Feb. 22, 1732, and his mother at Wakefield, Va., from a painting by Fournier*



*Gutzon Borglum's sitting statue of Lincoln at Newark, N. J. Lincoln was born Feb. 12, 1809*



*General Robert E. Lee's birthday is a holiday in nearly all Southern States (Born January 19, 1807)*

**A**N old English lesson book, a combination of many studies called "The Young Man's Companion, or, Arithmetick Made Easy," which George Washington used in school when he was ten years of age, contains a sentence printed in large script, as an example for handwriting exercises, which reads: "Humility is the forerunner of advancement and honor, and Ambition the harbinger of destruction and ruin." Not only President Washington, but President Lincoln and General Lee, great Americans whose memories are recalled at this season of the year because of the nearness of their birthdays, seem to have learned well the difficult lesson of humility, hence their greatness. While humbling themselves, they never ceased to prepare for higher duties; and higher duties came to all without being sought.

One of the most pleasing pictures of Washington is a painting by the artist Fournier which shows him when General of the Continental Armies, walking with his mother at Wakefield, Virginia. As photography was not invented until 1845, there are no boyhood photographs of Washington, Lincoln or Lee. At the bottom of this page is a reproduction of a painting of Lincoln as a boy reading by firelight in the Kentucky cabin which was his home. This painting, by Eastman Johnson, now hangs in Berea College, the famous Kentucky mountaineers' school, and though an imaginative picture, it is a beautiful source of encourage-

ment and hope for the youth of the world. Pause to think a moment as you look at the picture, that the light of understanding gained in such reading by young Lincoln was, in after years, reflected by him as President—as the great exemplar of American democracy. Gutzon Borglum's sitting statue of Lincoln, "the lonely Lincoln," which is also

shown on this page, is at Newark, New Jersey.

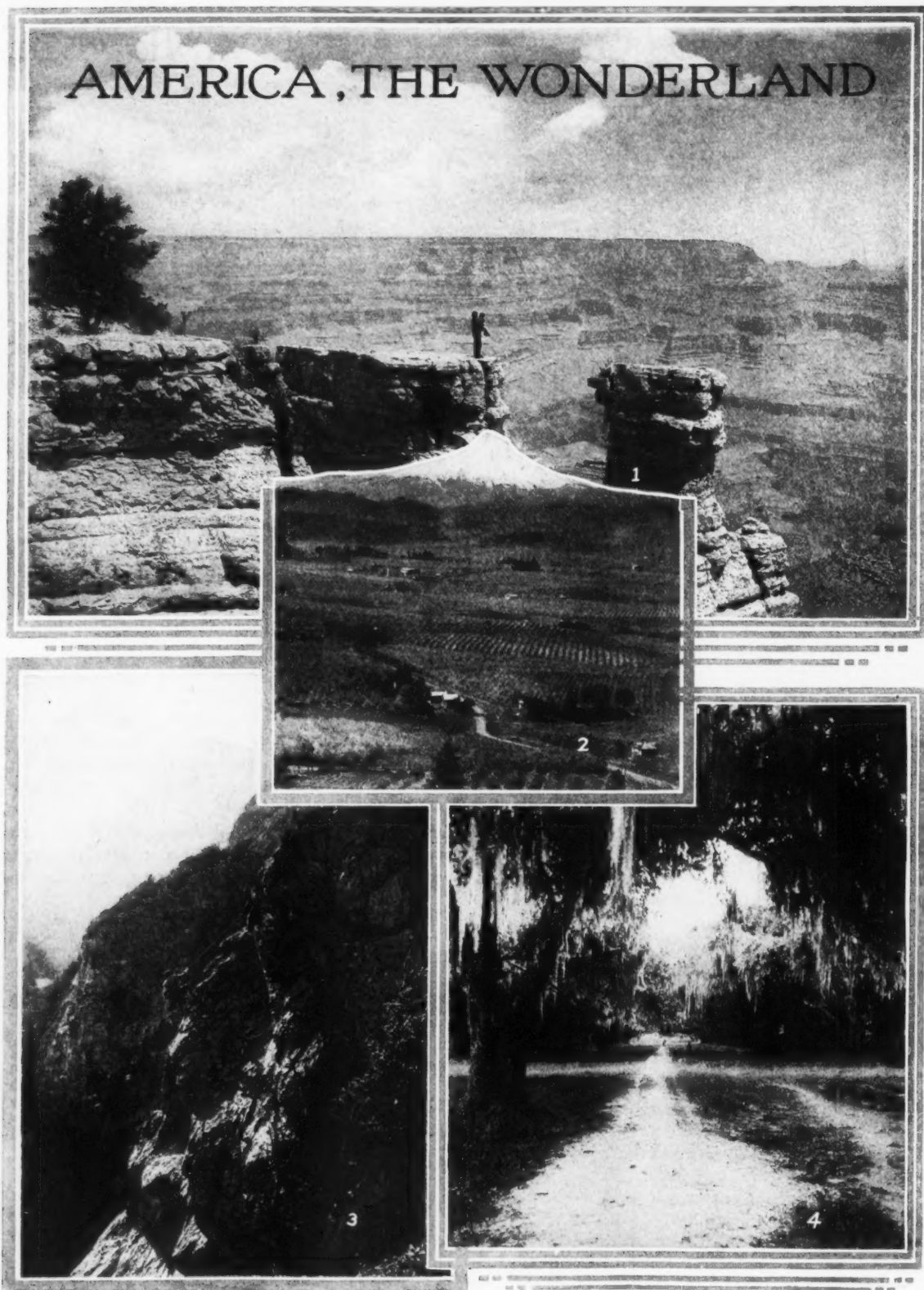
One of the best indexes to the character of the famous Confederate leader and college president, Gen. Robert E. Lee, who was pronounced by General Scott at the close of the Mexican War to be "the greatest living soldier in America," and was offered the command of the Army of the United States by President Lincoln, is the following letter from General Lee to his son:



*"The Boy Lincoln," from Eastman Johnson's painting in Berea College*

"Nearly a hundred years ago, there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness, still known as 'the dark day,'—a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished, as if by an eclipse. The legislature of Connecticut was in session, and as its members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on, they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day—the day of judgment—had come. Some one, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment. Then an old Puritan legislator, Davenport, of Stamford, arose and said that, if the last day had come, he desired to be found at his place doing his duty. He then moved that candles be brought in, so that the House could proceed with its duty. There was quietness in that man's mind, the quietness of heavenly wisdom and inflexible willingness to obey present duty. Do your duty in all things, like the old Puritan. You cannot do more, you should never wish to do less. Never let me or your mother wear one gray hair for lack of duty on your part."

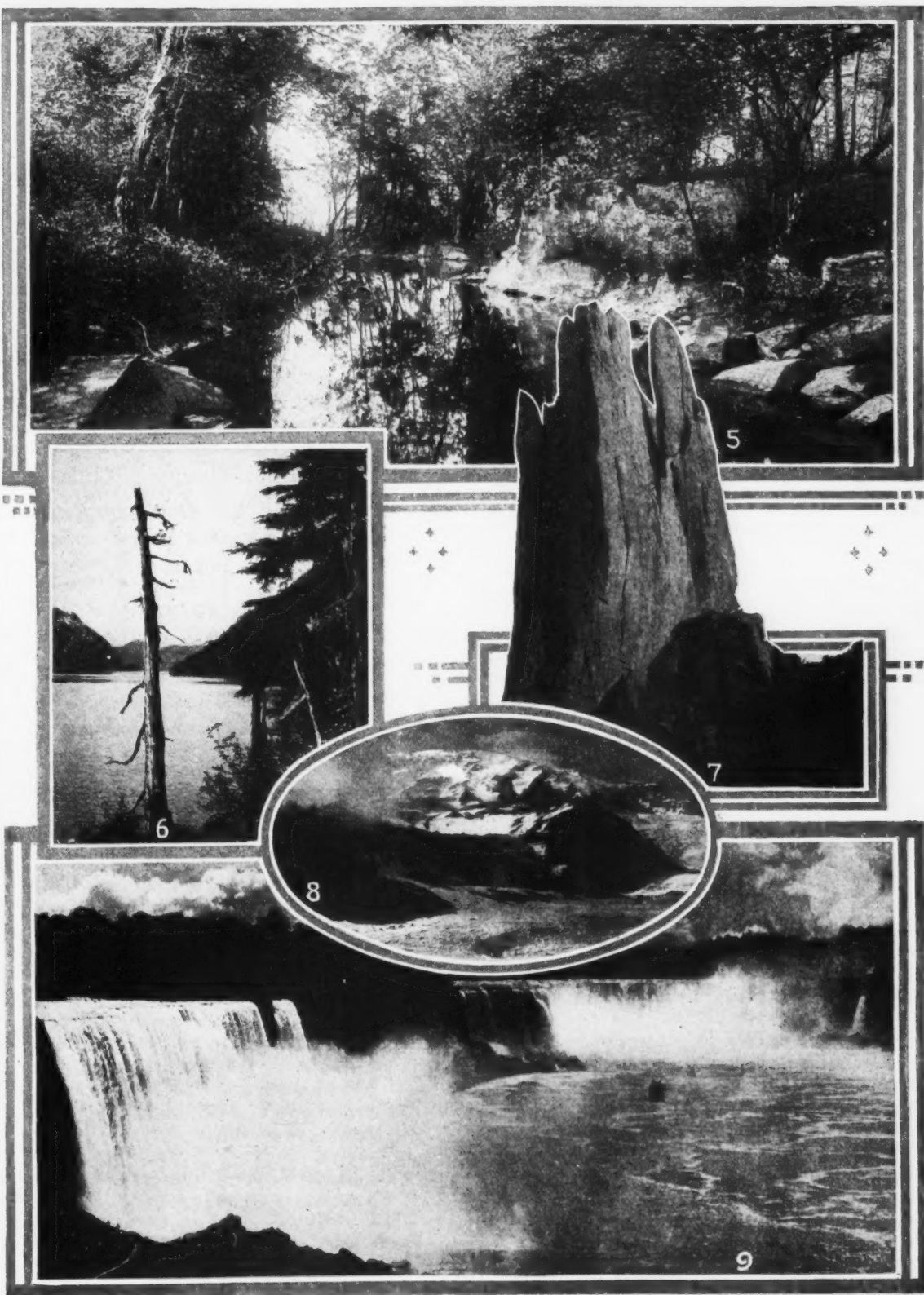
# AMERICA, THE WONDERLAND



PHOTOS BY BROWN BROS., H. C. DEITZ, WISWALL BROS., UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

(1) The Grand Canyon of the Colorado, the largest gorge of which is called The Grand Canyon of Arizona, is 1,000 miles long and at places 6,000 feet deep, and is one of the great show spots of America. (2) Mt. Hood, of the Cascade Range, overlooks the Hood River valley in Oregon. (3) "The Backbone of America" is a familiar name for the majestic Rocky Mountains, which stretch from Mexico to Alaska. (4) Live oaks and Spanish moss adorn Chalmette Park, near the scene of the Battle of New Orleans, which ended the war of 1812, January 8, 1815





PHOTOS BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD AND BROWN BROS., BY CURTIS & MILLER, AND CANTWELL

(5) Nature's mirror at the source of the George Washington Canal, Virginia, begun by George Washington in 1784 to promote navigation on the Potomac River. (6) Drier Bay (Knight's Island) is a slight introduction to tremendous Alaska and its unmeasured resources. (7) Giant fingers of colored sandstone decorate the Garden of the Gods, Colorado. (8) Mt. Rainier (also called Tacoma), Washington, towers 14,408 feet above the sea. (9) Geologists estimate the age of magnificent Niagara Falls, New York, (flow, 500,000 tons a minute) as between 20,000 and 35,000 years

# JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

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## National Officers of the American Red Cross

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**In One Hundred Words** there exists a well-rounded American citizenship creed, written by William Tyler Page, of Friendship Heights, Maryland, which belongs appropriately in an American number of the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS. Its appropriateness is enhanced by the fact that it is composed of phrases or the substance of phrases to be found in the Constitution of the United States, the Declaration of Independence, the Federalist, the Great Seal of the United States, Washington's Farewell Address, a speech delivered by Daniel Webster in the Senate, January 26, 1830, Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, Edward Everett Hale's "The Man Without a Country," the Oath of Allegiance in the Revised Statutes of the United States, "The Star-Spangled Banner," Army and Navy Regulations, and a War Department circular on "Flag Etiquette." This creed won a prize of \$1,000 given by the City of Baltimore, "the home of the Star-Spangled Banner," and reads:

"I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people, whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign states; a perfect union, one and inseparable, established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

"I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag; and to defend it against all enemies."

**Un Caminante Feliz** A delightful little fable, "The Happy Traveler," which appeared in the May, 1920, JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS, is here given editorially in Spanish for Insular Juniors and Spanish students:

Iban varios niños juntos por un camino, cada cual

llevando a cuestras un lio grande y pesado. Conversaban.

Uno, el egoista, dijo: "No puedo esperaros. Tengo que llegar primero. Arreglaos como podais. Y se adelantó solo en el camino.

"Alguien tiene que ayudarme a llevar este lio. Quiero jugar y divertirme y esta carga no me deja" gruño otro, el holgazán.

Un tercero, el generoso y valiente de la partida, no dijo nada. Miró hacia atrás. Vió a la niña lisiada y a su compañerito, el ciego, que se habían quedado rezeagados. La jornada se les hacía difícil.

"Me iré con ellos" pensó. Aliviare su carga y les serviré de guía.

De esta suerte el ciego, la lisiada y el generoso niño se pusieron en marcha. Iban cantando.

¿Cuál era más feliz. Sin duda alguna el muchacho valiente y generoso quien pensando en socorrer a sus camaradas, había olvidado el peso de su propia carga.

## AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

(By special permission of the author)

O beautiful for spacious skies,  
For amber waves of grain,  
For purple mountain majesties  
Above the fruited plain!  
America! America!  
God shed His grace on thee  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,  
Whose stern, impassioned stress  
A thoroughfare for freedom beat  
Across the wilderness!  
America! America!  
God mend thine every flaw,  
Confirm thy soul in self-control,  
Thy liberty in law!

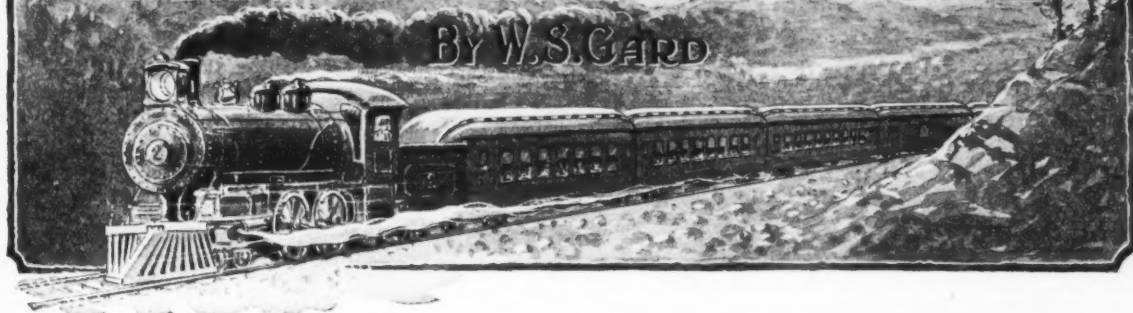
O beautiful for heroes proved  
In liberating strife,  
Who more than self their country loved,  
And mercy more than life!  
America! America!  
May God thy gold refine  
Till all success be nobleness  
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream  
That sees beyond the years  
Thine alabaster cities gleam  
Undimmed by human tears!  
America! America!  
God shed His grace on thee  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea!

—Katharine Lee Bates.

# ZIGZAG JOURNEYS AT HOME

BY W.S. GARD



**S**WIFTLY the train glides out of the station at Spokane and we find ourselves feeling quite at home in the same magic coach in which we made our zig-zag journey across the continent several months ago. We have enjoyed our lunch with the boys and girls of the Bemis School of Spokane, in their famous cafeteria through which they raised \$150 to complete their Junior Red Cross fund, and are aglow with enthusiasm and anticipation at the thought of again meeting many other Juniors throughout the country.

Our first stop is at Tacoma, Washington, and we call upon school boys and girls who are sending milk to undernourished children and furnishing flowers for a ward in the United States Public Health Service Hospital. Then we head for Boise, Idaho, to see the new sort of books the Juniors there are making for ex-service men in the Barracks Hospital. Cutting out serial stories from current magazines, they paste them in scrapbooks, thus making complete novels for the soldiers.

Not one of us remains in his seat as the train steams into Tyndall, South Dakota, and we are greeted by the school children who have supplied many garments for boys and girls in Montana and Minnesota, impoverished by droughts and forest fires, and for tots in the orphans' home at Sioux Falls. A moment later, with a whistle and shriek, we are at Denver, where scores of Juniors await us to report their progress in the operation of a most successful dental clinic.

Our magic train now carries us to Carson City for a chat with Nevada Juniors who have helped their schools to have nurses, hot lunches, and well-equipped playgrounds. Then we dash into Livermore, California, for a call upon High School Juniors who have "adopted" sixteen children in an open-air sanatorium to whom they write letters, send books and pictures, and have otherwise given many happy hours.

We are back at the station just in time to be whisked to Victoria, Texas, for a talk with Adolph Andres, a Bohemian boy, who wrote to the Junior Red Cross, "If you want anything from Ragsdale School, well, just let me know." We decide that Adolph has the true Junior spirit.

Clicking over the rails to Kansas City, we learn how the Juniors conducted a camp last summer where fifty youngsters in need of fresh air, food, and fun were royally entertained. Crossing the Mississippi, we halt at Pomeroy, Ohio, to exchange greetings with Juniors who are bringing happiness to a little crippled girl, and then we turn South, bound for Jennings, Louisiana. Here we inspect wonderful toys that the pupils of Hathaway School make for the Junior Red Cross.

The conductor turns the train northward, that we may attend a monthly meeting of the Junior Council, composed of representatives from all the schools in Williamson County, Tennessee. We then hurry over to Kingstree, South Carolina, where we are shown garments made by the Juniors for overseas children. In a flash we are at Pittsburgh for a ride in the autobus used by Juniors to transport crippled children to school, and then call at Baltimore to give three cheers for the Juniors who sent a great box of toys and supplies to Haitian children at Christmas time.

The next stop is at Summit, New Jersey, where we

view a schoolroom for backward children, its furniture being a gift from the Junior Red Cross. Ithaca, New York, comes next on our journey, and there we find a lively Junior campaign is on for mail boxes and first-aid kits for rural schools.

At Boston we are forced to voice our goodbyes, the journey's end leaving us in the midst of Juniors who have lately made Christmas a very merry one for the heroes in every Army and Navy hospital in New England.

## NAMES

Lafayette and von Steuben and Rochambeau,

And the soldier of Poland, Kosciuszko,  
All heard of the struggle of right against might—

It wasn't their country, it wasn't their fight—

But they gave up their homes and crossed the wide sea

To offer their lives that a land might be free.  
As long as American liberty flames  
American people will honor their names!

—E. B.



# KONIPHATCHO: SEMINOLE

ERIC and Sara were staying with their father, the chief engineer of a reclamation camp, in the Florida Everglades. One night as the engineers sat round the fire, Eric's fourteen-year-old heart was filled with bliss, for they were talking about Indians.

"There's no doubt that the Seminoles have been unjustly treated," said John Wesley, the chief engineer. "They've been driven from land that really belongs to them."

"The Seminoles are against the reclamation plan," said a trader of the neighborhood. "And if the work keeps on, I warn you it's gwine to mean another Seminole war, and the Injun to lead them is Koniphatcho."

John Wesley looked troubled. "If we could just teach them that the Government reclamation is only going to improve their property, we'd have no trouble," he said. "But they think all white people are liars and you can't blame them when you remember how often they've been tricked. Come, children."

Eric and Sara followed him to their tent.

"Now, don't let's think any more about Indians." In this way he hastily side-stepped an imminent rush of questions. "What did you do today?"

Sara leaned against him.

"We went to the funny little Agency School," she told him. "It only started today and oh, Dad, it's just one bare room and about a dozen settler children and three Indians."

"Sara and the teacher are going to start a sewing class and make curtains for the windows," put in Eric, "and when we get back we're going to have our Junior Red Cross write them and send them some pictures for the walls. The teacher got all excited about it and wants to join. And I heard the reason there are so few Indians in school," he added, "is because their dads think this reclamation is just a game to take their land."

"And, Dad, I did a dreadful thing," confessed impulsive Sara. "The little Indian children were so suspicious and lonesome-looking that I tried to make friends with one by praising her bead necklace. I took hold of the necklace and the string broke, and we couldn't find half of the beads! We told her we'd bring her another tomorrow, but she didn't believe us. She said: 'White man too much lie.'"

John Wesley smiled a little. Warm-hearted, thoughtless Sara was always getting into scrapes and her father and brother had had twelve years' experience in extricating her from her difficulties.

"I know a man that makes those chains," said Eric. Eric always knew where to get things. Naturally adventurous and fond of exploring, he might have been a descendant, as well as a namesake, of that hardy Norseman, Eric the Red.

They found the man who sold bead chains and got

another one. But the next morning it was very late before they could get anyone to drive them to school, and when they got there the Indian children had gone home.

"And the teacher says they acted as if they were not coming back," moaned Sara as the three talked things over after school.

Eric's mouth was firmly set.

"In a way we represent our country to them and we can't afford to have them think all white Americans are liars," he declared. "We've got to find their camp and give them the chain today. I know where we can get two canoes and a guide, and I can pole one. Gee, won't it be great!"

But after they started on the trip even his enthusiasm cooled a little. Their canoes moved silently through the funereal gloom of the cypress forests; rotting vegetation overhung the dark waters, and wicked eyes gleamed malignantly from snake-infested trees.

Wilkins, their guide, grew more and more pessimistic as they went deeper into the Everglades.

"I tell you I jes' as soon hunt a nes' o' rattlesnakes as to go to that Injun Camp," he complained. "I don' see no sense in reskin' our lives jes' to keep a promise to a Injun'. Nobody don' expect children to be so all-fired truthful noway."

"If you don't begin being honorable when you're children, when do you begin?" asked Sara.

"I don' know as I ever did begin," the guide admitted candidly. "Anyways it ain't goin' to hurt my conscience none to say that we're goin' to turn roun' here and go back home."

"But you can't!" cried the children, aghast. "You promised!"

"I rather keep my scalp than my promise," retorted Wilkins.

"We're going on," said Eric firmly.

"I never see sech children," complained Wilkins. "Do you think you're the whole gover'ment?"

"We're part of it," answered Eric.

Continued argument convincing them that Wilkins would not go forward, Eric and Sara resumed their journey in accordance with the guide's careful directions.

At last they reached the island Wilkins had described. Fastening their canoe, they made their way slowly inland, stepping carefully to avoid snakes and trusting to their thick boots to protect them. Suddenly Eric stumbled and fell.

"Oh gosh, I've sprained my ankle!" he cried. He sank down again, his face white with pain.

Efforts to walk proved useless. The two stared helplessly at each other. The gloom of the forest grew blacker as the sun went down, and a chill wind blew across the swamps.

"We'll have to holler for help," said Eric.

"And maybe bring that terrible Koniphatcho!"

cried Sara, whose opinion of Mr. Wilkins' judgment had gone up with each forward step into the wilderness.

"Koniphatcho is here," said a voice behind them.

In the half-light they saw a tall, stately man, dressed in tunic and leggings, the bright-colored turban on his head circled by a band of gleaming silver. For a moment the children gazed speechlessly into the dark, handsome face. Then Eric said courteously:

"We were on our way to the Seminole camp, but I sprained my ankle. Will you help us?"

Koniphatcho did not move.

"Why should white children come to the Seminole camp?" he asked.

Eric showed the beads and briefly told the story.

Koniphatcho stooped and lifted Eric in his arms.

"Come with me," he said in a softer tone. Somewhat reassured, Sara followed him until they heard dogs barking and turned into a clearing dotted with thatched-roofed huts and thickly planted with potatoes and squash and sugar cane. Pigs and chickens and children ran around underfoot, and a pleasant smell of cooking rose from the big pots hung over the fires.

Koniphatcho set Eric carefully down before the largest of the wigwams.

"Nancessowe!" he called.

An Indian woman, strikingly handsome, came to the door and looked at the children with open hostility. But after her husband had talked a minute in the Seminole tongue she turned quickly and with the utmost gentleness began to care for Eric's injured foot.

Meanwhile, a little Indian girl had detached herself from the observant onlookers and stood clinging to Koniphatcho's hand. Sara recognized her and nudged Eric excitedly.

"This is my youngest daughter, Hoketichee," said Koniphatcho. "See, my child, here are white people who do not lie. They have come all this way to bring you more beads."

Sara shyly held out the beads and Hoketichee took them with a beaming face, while her little brother Chip-Co circled the group like a small, inquisitive dog.

The other Indians approached and Koniphatcho talked to them in Seminole, after which they solemnly shook hands with the children, uttering broken phrases such as:

"White child all good"—"you no lie, Seminole friend"—"You no lie, we say welcome."

"You don't talk like an Indian, Koniphatcho,"

exclaimed Eric, somewhat embarrassed by these marks of approval.

"I lived in the white man's city many months ago. But where are your people? I will send a messenger to tell them where you are."

"My father is chief engineer of the reclamation camp," said Eric. Then as the faces round him instantly darkened, he cried earnestly: "The reclamation will only improve your lands—not take them away!"

"You are a boy," said Koniphatcho. "What can you know of such things?"

"Dad says so," answered Eric; "and it really is so," he added confidently, as he faced the many Seminoles who understood English.

"That is not the story the white trader tells," Koniphatcho said thoughtfully.

"But children no lie, trader always lie," one of the Seminoles pointed out.

Koniphatcho nodded assent. Then dismissing the subject, he sent off the messenger and became a delightful host. Eric enthroned on a pile of skins, forgot his aching ankle in the interest of seeing and hearing so many new things. And in the intervals of news-gathering he employed himself in teaching Chip-Co such choice bits of English as: "I'll say it is!"

After a supper of "Sof-ka,"

a delicious stew which they dipped from an iron kettle with wooden spoons passed from hand to hand, Eric went comfortably to sleep on a pile of soft skins. He awoke late next morning to find the Seminoles gathered behind Koniphatcho, who stood facing a band of white men, settlers, traders, and men from the reclamation camp, headed by the sheriff of the county. All carried guns, having come to rescue the children. For a tense moment the two groups stood in silence.

Then Koniphatcho held out his hand to John Wesley.

"Because your children are honorable," he said earnestly, "I think we can learn to be friends."

The sheriff slapped Eric's shoulder approvingly.

"We're right proud of our future citizens," he declared.

Eric sat up very straight.

"Where do you get that 'future' stuff?" he inquired. "We're citizens now."

And that apt pupil Chip-Co cried delightedly, "I'll say we are!"



*Perhaps Koniphatcho was of the same fine type as this Cow Creek Seminole*

## Suggestions for Fitting Junior Red Cross News into

**P**EEPS at America and American life are given in almost

every story, picture, and article in this number of the NEWS. The contents have been put under separate headings for classroom use. When the school work requires a copy of the NEWS in the hands of each pupil, sufficient magazines may be borrowed from other classrooms.

### FOR THE BULLETIN BOARD

The photograph on the cover and those on pages 82, 88, and 89, and the cartoons on pages 94 and 95 are all good material for the Bulletin Board. When these have served their purpose, the poem "America the Beautiful," on page 90, and "Zig-Zag Journeys at Home," page 91, may be substituted.

### GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

"Uncle Sam's Outposts," page 83, furnishes interesting material for the study of the history and geography of the outlying possessions of the United States. The Philippine Islands became the possession of the United States during the Spanish-American War. Rice is the chief food. The United States lately bought the Virgin Islands from Denmark. Porto Rico and the Virgin Islands were named by Columbus on his second voyage. Hawaii is important commercially because of its position in the Pacific Ocean. Study carefully the illustrations accompanying "Uncle Sam's Outposts." "Washington, Lincoln and Lee," as sons of America, are lively topics for history study.

### VALENTINE DAY

The charming verse, "Elfland Valentines," page 94, can be translated into a picture by means of paint-brush or crayon and will, no doubt, suggest home-made valentines and poems for friends and classmates.

### FOR THE CLASS IN ART

The first stanza of "America the Beautiful," page 90, can be illustrated by paint-brush, pencil or scissors. Study the cartoons

## THE DAY'S WORK

drawn by the Czech boy, pages 94 and 95. It is great fun to make a col-

lection of cartoons. A cartoon, you know, is a picture in which the peculiarities of a thing are so exaggerated as to appear ridiculous. Try to draw some original cartoons yourself.

### FOR THE FOREIGN LANGUAGE CLASS

The class in Spanish will be interested in reading the fable of "Un Caminante Feliz," on page 90.

### MORNING EXERCISES AND GENERAL ASSEMBLY

Memorize and sing Katharine Lee Bates' wonderful patriotic hymn, "America the Beautiful," page 90, whose tune, "O Mother

Dear, Jerusalem!" can be found in any hymn book. Read one of the stories mentioned on page 95, and tell it to the class. Learn to say and live the one-hundred-word creed in the editorial on page 90.

### FOR IDEALS OF PATRIOTISM AND SERVICE

"Where the Nation's Heart Beats," page 86, the "Editor's Letter to You," page 96, "Koniphatcho: Seminole," page 92, "America the Beautiful," page 90, and the creed in the editorial on page 90, emphasize Junior Red Cross ideals.

### FOR THE CIVICS LESSON

"Where the Nation's Heart Beats," page 86, suggests a means

### READING

All of the stories in this issue contain interesting matter for the reading class.

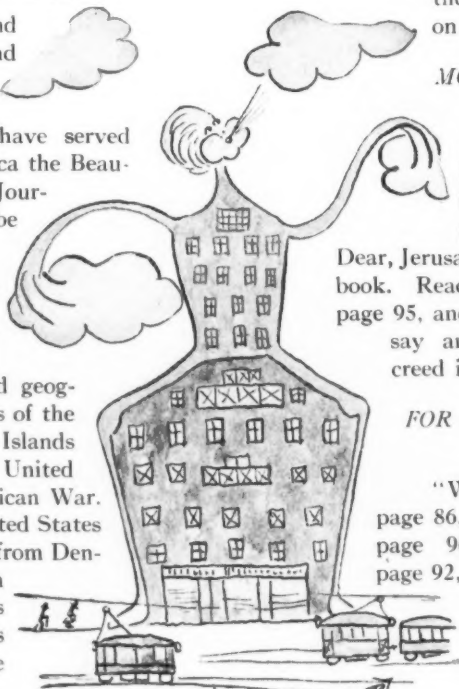
\* \* \*

"Your name," said the Clerk of the Court.

"Ottiwell Wood," was the reply.

"Spell it, please."

"O double T, I double U, E double L, double U, double O, D." —*Ladies Home Journal*.



*As Ruda Jarusek, a Czech-Slovakian schoolboy, caricatures an American skyscraper*

### ELFLAND VALENTINES

The Elfland Sprites took fleecy clouds of purple, blue, and pink.  
And 'broidered them with sunbeams, oh so bright they'd make you wink!  
And next some silver dew they took, with dainty magic spoons  
And where 'twas sprinkled there it twinkled like a million moons.  
Then over all of this some hearts and darts and flowers were laid  
And that's the Elfland secret of how Valentines are made.

—S. VIRGINIA LEVIS, in *St. Nicholas*.



# PAGES OF OUR HISTORY

**T**HE Indians, as far as we know, were the first inhabitants of North America. So we will start off with a real Sioux Indian, Charles A. Eastman, to tell us tales of Sitting Bull, Rain-in-the-Face, Red Cloud, Little Crow and other braves, in his book, *Indian Heroes and Great Chieftains* (published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, \$1.35).

If you will but listen to the tales of a story-telling grandfather as they are duly narrated in *Grandfather's Chair*, by Nathaniel Hawthorne (published by Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston and N. Y. \$1.50), you shall hear of "Lady Arabella," "The Pine-Tree Shillings," "The Sunken Treasure," "The Salem Witches," and other interesting bits of New England history, from the year 1620 to 1805.

Our history books tell us that in the year 1620, a group of Puritans purchased some land from the Plymouth Company and settled in America. *Master Simon's Garden*, by Cornelia Meigs (published by The Macmillan Co., N. Y., \$1.50), takes us with "Old Goody Parsons, with her cleanest white kerchief, her most sorrowful expression of face and her biggest brown basket," through a Puritan settlement and across the hill to Master Simon's house, where through open windows we hear the hum of the spinning-wheel and the creak of the loom, and come to know a lot of Puritan folk "for better and for worse."

*Barnaby Lee*, by John Bennett (published by The Century Co., N. Y., \$1.50), takes us back into the days when New York City was called New Amsterdam; gay Broadway, a country road, and the only "skyscrapers," a few rows of neat brick houses with gabled roofs and tiles of red and blue. In those good days, sturdy Peter Stuyvesant was governor, and pirates and adventures awaited one everywhere beyond the palisades.

Forts and trading stations; red men and white men; misunderstanding and greed, and the Intercolonial Wars burst full upon us. With *The Last of The Mohicans*, by James Fenimore Cooper (published by Henry Holt & Co., N. Y., \$1.50), we plunge, musket in hand, into the heart of the wilderness and the thick of the French and Indian War.

A sound of life and drum! We are in the midst of the stirring days of the American Revolution. "Napoleon was great, I know, and Julius Caesar, and all the rest. But they didn't belong to us, and so I like George Washington the best." We are all more or less familiar with General Washington and President Washington, but George Washington, the boy and young man, we do not know quite so well. In A

*Virginia Cavalier*, by Molly Elliot Seawell (published by Harper & Bros., N. Y., \$1.50), we share many of the early adventures of this popular hero.

*Children's Book of Patriotic Stories: the Spirit of '76*, by Asa Don Dickinson and H. W. Dickinson (published by Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, L. I., \$1.50), acquaints us with many American heroes and heroines. Hats off to our first American naval hero, John Paul Jones; a braver man never sailed the bright blue water! To share in his brave exploits, read the book named after him, *Paul Jones*, by Molly Elliot Seawell (published by Daniel Appleton & Co., Chicago and N. Y., \$1.50).

*With Yankee Ships and Yankee Sailors*, by James Barnes (published by Grosset & Dunlap, N. Y., 75 cents), we sail through the days of the war of 1812.

"Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold! Bright and yellow, hard and cold!" We are back in the days of 1849, when the news of the discovery of gold in California was ringing through the air. From every corner of our country men started on a mad rush for the gold fields. *The Boy Emigrants*, by Noah Brooks (published by Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y., \$1.50), takes us to the "diggings" with two alert American boys.

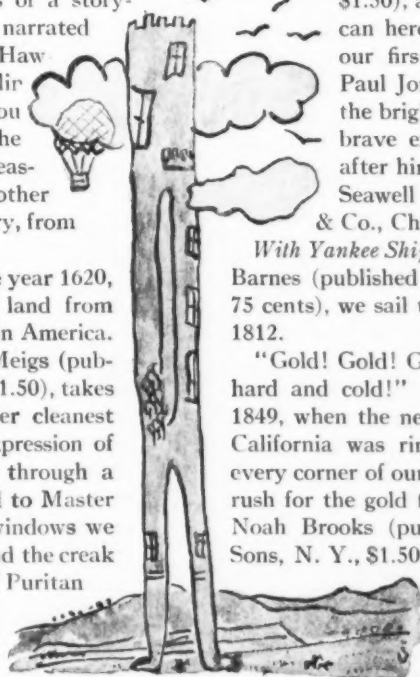
In *The Perfect Tribute*, by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews (published by Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y., 50 cents), we glimpse Abraham Lincoln, the "man of many sorrows," at the time of his

famous Gettysburg address.

*Two Little Confederates*, by Thomas Nelson Page (published by Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y., \$1.50), takes us on an old plantation in Virginia, where we share the war-time experiences of "two little Confederates."

"What, Po-to-sha-sha! is it you?" cried Jack. "Jingoes! I thought I was done for, sure." In *Master of the Strong Hearts*, by Elbridge S. Brooks (published by E. P. Dutton, N. Y., \$1.75), we have the story of General Custer's last encounter in 1876 with Sitting Bull, medicine-chief of the Sioux.

"A-l-l hands on deck—up-p anchor!" We are on board a man-of-war, and off to obey Uncle Sam's orders. We shall visit foreign lands, ride through typhoons and help in the Spanish-American war with our colors flying high—all by reading the magic pages of *Three Years Behind the Guns*, by L. A. Tisdale (published by Grosset & Dunlap, N. Y., 75 cents).



An American Skyscraper  
takes a walk into the country  
(Another cartoon by Ruda)

# The Editor's Letter to You!

Dear Juniors:

If the United States of America, with all its richness and vastness, its beauty and grandeur, could be bundled up and sold across a gigantic bargain counter, it would bring something less than \$200,000,000,000. Count the naughts! Two hundred billion dollars! That seems to be a great deal, doesn't it? But large as it is, I venture to say there is not one of you in all America who would want to sell your country for that big sum or for any other amount that the principles of mathematics will enable you to create.

It would take the full material worth of the United States and all its outlying possessions to pay the money costs alone of the Great War, happily ended in 1918. That gives you an idea of what could be purchased with the United States in a lump. And yet that would not be much—*just the money losses*. The losses in human lives which are traceable to the four years of fighting, according to a society in Denmark, reach the staggering total of 35,380,000. That means men, women, and children in all parts of the wide world.

Now, you believe in looking forward, not backward, don't you? The school children of the United States of America, north and south, east and west, up hill and down dale, along the coasts and on the prairies, in bustling cities and in quiet countrysides, beneath red-woods and pines and cottonwoods and palms, are banded together for probably the greatest regenerative work ever planned. Having learned in a terrible school—the school of war—that America's mission is spiritual rather than material, you have come to understand also that humanity is made up of spiritual beings rather than mere physical organisms, and are adjusting your thinking accordingly. Your Junior Red Cross does not treat an unfortunate boy or girl as a blacksmith treats a scrub pony, which he shoes and promptly forgets; a loaf of bread is not tossed to a girl merely because she is starving, nor is a pair of shoes thrown to a boy just because he is barefooted. Your activities, at home and abroad, are both educational and of a relief nature. You seek to rescue a being who is

capable of thinking, and who, some day, will pass on to others the goodwill you have poured into his consciousness and thus assist in keeping endless circles of goodwill rippling over the ocean of life.

You are laying the only safe foundation for the future citizenship of your country by treating every girl and boy as valuable citizenship material. And every girl and boy is *tremendously valuable* citizenship material, whether she or he knows it or not. One

little way in which you can help to promote good citizenship is suggested by President

Hadley, of Yale, in his book,

"The Moral Basis of Democracy," in which he says: "If

we never repeat a damaging story until we are certain that we can prove it, we shall be astonished to find how rapidly our faith in our fellow men increases.

When we find that nineteen-twentieths of the scandalous things that people are saying about each other are cowardly falsehoods, we soon acquire the habit of believing good instead of evil of those about us."

How wonderful it will be when every boy and girl in America learns to live in complete harmony with the ideals of his country! But remember, "All that freedom's highest aim can reach,

Is but to lay proportioned loads on each."

In a little story of how she came to write "America, the Beautiful," that glorious hymn that is so

widely popular, the author, Miss Katharine Lee Bates, of Wellesley, says: "That the hymn has gained such a hold as it has upon our people, is clearly due to the fact that Americans are at heart idealists, with a fundamental faith in human brotherhood." Let us look forward to a realization of the answer to the prayer in the last verse of this hymn:

"O beautiful for patriot dream

That sees beyond the years

Thine alabaster cities gleam

Undimmed by human tears!

America! America!

God shed his grace on thee

And crown thy good with brotherhood

From sea to shining sea!"

AUSTIN CUNNINGHAM.



*The dome of your Capitol,  
through evergreens and snow*

